

The Oracle



Mary C. Pittman,
Union Springs,
Ala.

THE



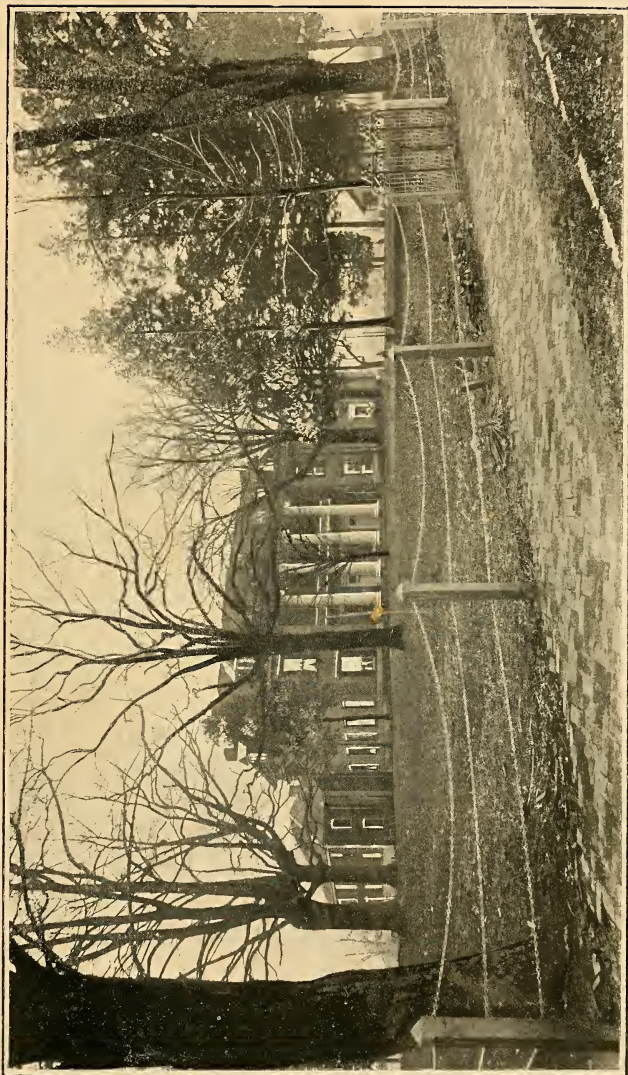
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Dedication



ALMA MATER

Thou art of antiquity, and yet thou art ever young in the affections of those who love thee. In thy halls, where many a young life has lived and dreamed before us and gone out to give battle to the world, we have lived and dreamed. Thou hast been a foster mother to our childhood, a wise companion to our youth, and thou wilt be a soulful memory to our old age.



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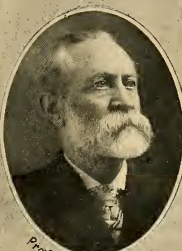
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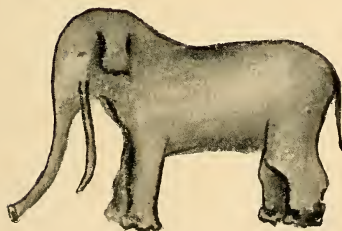
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Mascots and Mottoes



“Hoot now, for it's your last chance”

“Get knowledge—honestly if you can, but get knowledge”



“A thing of beauty is a joy forever”

“We wandered and strayed away from
home;
We followed a tinkling bell,
Thinking we'd come to a land of gold;
Instead we'd come to—Athens!”



“Get away if you can”

Senior Class



OFFICERS

MADGE JACKSON	President
NORA R. MERKEL	Vice President
LUMMIE SINIARD	Secretary and Treasurer
SALLIE C. MASTIN	Poet
NORA R. MERKEL	Historian
LUMMIE SINIARD	Prophet

Senior Class

MADGE JACKSON, A.B., New Decatur.

Y. W. C. A.; L. B. A.; President of Class of '08; Editor in Chief of The Athenian; Business Manager of The Oracle; President of G. E. L. S.

"I am Sir Oracle;
When I ope my mouth, let no dog bark."



NORA R. MERKEL, A.B., Birmingham.

Vice President of Class of '08; Historian, '08; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.; Associate Editor of The Athenian and The Oracle; G. E. L. S.; L. B. A.

"I am what I am.
What I have said, I have said."

KATE I. BRACKEN, A.B., New Decatur.

Business Manager of The Athenian; Assistant Business Manager of The Oracle; Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; L. B. A.

"She fidgets in body
And dreams in mind."





LUMMIE SINIARD, A.B., Colliersville.

Editor in Chief of The Oracle; Secretary and Treasurer of Class of '08; Prophet, '08; Y. W. C. A.; L. B. A.; Secretary of G. E. L. S.

"D-d-do yo-yo-you know what I mean?"

SALLIE C. MASTIN, A.B., Huntsville.

Poet, '08; President of J. C. L. S.; President of Athletic Association; Business Manager of The Athenian; Home Advertising Manager of The Oracle; Y. W. C. A.; L. B. A.

"If it were as easy for her to tell in class what she forgot just before class, her grades would have all been 'I's.'"



ISOLA BARCLIFT, English Certificate, Red Hill.

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

"She had but one idea, and forgot that."



MYRTLE BARTEE, A.B., Decatur.

G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

"She fain would substitute her smile for knowledge."

OPIE CLEMENTS, B.S., Athens.

"If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough."



LUCIE WALKER, English Certificate, Birmingham.

D. K. P.; President of Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

"Her art hath faded her eyes; her study
hath faded her cheek."



LILLIE PEARCE, B.S., Hamilton.

Voted the brightest student; Y. W. C. A.;
G. E. L. S.

"She would most cheerfully have assisted
and supplemented Milton's 'Paradise
Lost.'"

OLA MABRY, English Certificate, Alexander City.

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

"Cheerfulness and I have long been strangers."



Greeting---Tree Day, 1908



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, you are with us to-day to aid us in the celebration of the one day in the entire year which belongs to the Class of Nineteen Eight exclusively. It becomes my pleasant duty to thank you in behalf of the class for your interest in us manifested by your presence.

You will scarcely be able to realize what it means to us who have, doubtless, trembled on the brink of uncertainty for these many months, to at last don the cap and gown. And hear me, ye Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman: woe be unto the one, great or small, who dares infringe upon our dignity! To-day we lay aside our childish pleasures and pastimes, and demand henceforth to be recognized and treated as beings superior in wisdom, knowledge, and power.

It has long been the custom in our colleges and universities to celebrate this day by disclosing the what has been and the what will be of the "most potent, grave, and reverend" Senior to the curious and sensation-loving public. Next, to dig a hole, plant the class tree or ivy, sing and yell as much as possible, and depart. As it would shock our unsophisticated underclassmen beyond measure, it will be impossible for us to follow the custom indulged in by our brother colleges; but we can, and will, make a joyful noise equal in volume to their lusty yells.

I shall not attempt to tell you anything of this talented class of ours, as both present and future will be revealed to you in language far more eloquent than I command; but I would have you, my classmates, remember that each one of us is to represent Athens College; and in planting our tree upon her campus, let us resolve to ever be worthy of her. Let us seek to grow in wisdom and usefulness as the tree shall grow in strength and beauty.

CLASS PRESIDENT.

History of the Class of '08



CLASS '08! O, what memories of mingled pleasure and pain cluster around the name—memories that have become a part of our very self, memories that will mold our future life! It has truly been said that the school days are the happiest—not the most contented, for a schoolgirl is never contented, always hoping, always striving for something beyond; but happiest in the true sense of the word—happy in the pursuit of something better.

And yet who can say that the schoolgirl has no troubles—no heart-aches? For is it not then that examinations disturb her dreams, hovering over her like some avenging fate? Is not the peal of the bell during “exams.” like her death warrant? Truly, the bell is one of the college girl's worst enemies. Only once is it welcome—at meals; and even the breakfast bell on Saturday and Sunday morning is unkind to her.

Another thorn in the flesh is demerits. True, a demerit is only a little thing; but, remember, 'tis the little things that count, and twenty-five such little things means home.

But I am digressing somewhat from my subject. I am to write the history of the illustrious Class of '08.

The year 1904 celebrates the birth of this class, which birth marks an important epoch in the life of Athens College. For has not the college trebled itself since 1904? Who can offer a better solution of this than the birth of Class '08 and the appearance of the new President?

When quite young, we were christened “rats” by our honored godmother, the Senior Class—whether on account of our very great importance or our size, I do not know; but it took both the Sophomores and the Juniors to assist the godmother in caring for us.

Unlike other “rats,” we never did anything ridiculous or absurd; but, like other “rats,” we had to survive the usual amount of homesickness and “cases.” However, we managed to get through 1904; and on May 25, 1905, those of us to whom the fates were kind went home with a treasured certificate of promotion to the honored distinction of Sophomores.

I must dwell briefly on the Sophomore year. To those to whom the little line beginning,

"The Freshman knows not, and knows that she knows not;
The Sophomore knows not, but knows not that she knows not,"

is familiar, it will not seem strange why I fain would have passed this painful downfall without mention; for was it not, indeed, a downfall? We were no longer "rats," no longer Freshmen, and in 1908 would graduate with the highest honors ever granted by Athens College. What person who has ever passed from Freshman to Sophomore can say that he ever felt "bigger" or more important than in the first few weeks of the Sophomore year? The downfall? I have only to mention the magic words "Geometry," "Latin," "Chemistry," etc., and Class '08 will at least understand.

In 1906 it was a happy band of girls that gathered in the chapel for Junior work. They had learned their lesson, and had fully realized that they knew nothing, and were now eager in their pursuit for knowledge.

The Junior year passed like a dream. Nothing was too difficult, because we worked; and when at the annual Junior reception we exchanged our modest lavender and white for the more distinguished crimson and white, it was with a genuine feeling of pleasure and pride that we retired that night to dream of Senior caps and gowns to be worn on the morrow—that morrow of Senior joys and tears. "Tears" did I say? That was a slip of my pen; for a Senior has her emotions far too well under control to ever even feel like shedding tears, unless it be at the thought of leaving Athens, and then it is only a "feel-like."

But, with all its pleasures and importance, the Senior year is not without its thorns. There are biographies to be written, theses of all sizes and descriptions, and last, but not least, there are privileges to be lost. It would take a genius to describe the many devices we contrive for losing them, but in time we all manage to get them well lost. Now we don our cap and gown and look forward to that day when, armed with hope and a diploma, we will go forth into the world on the true commencement of our lives.

HISTORIAN.

Class '08



Have you heard of the wonderful Class '08,
So jolly, good, beloved by Fate,
Who never did sigh, who never did cry,
But let all trouble pass them by?
Have you heard?

Have you ever seen the Class '08,
With caps and gowns arrayed in state?
No smile in school ('twould break the rule),
But with Senior dignity befool.
Have you seen?

Have you ever talked to the Class '08,
So cultured, polished, and up to date?
Learned in Latin, learned in Greek;
In German or French all do speak.
Now, have you?

Would you like to know this Class '08?
Just come on now; don't be too late.
We're wise, you know, not a bit too slow;
But listen! Miss Moore don't know.
Would you like to?

Now here's to the nine of Nineteen Seven!
Here's to the eleven of Eight!
We'll drink their health,
And wish them wealth;
To Fortune we leave their fate.

SENIOR POET.

Senior Prophecy



AT last I realized that I was lost. I recognized a peculiar mark on a birch tree, and knew that for the last half hour I must have merely been going round in a circle. The trees had grown thicker and thicker together; the sunshine filtered through the leaves in tiny patches upon the ground; but as I wandered farther, the gloom cast by the shade of the trees was so great that it seemed to me the sun must have become suddenly clouded.

Deep, deep in the heart of this great forest there was never a sound of the work and life of the world outside. The chirping of the wood life and the caroling music of one bird in the distance were the only sounds to be heard.

I stood there with thoughts I had never thought before and a belief in all beyond reality. Thus I was not surprised to see before me a strange, gnomelike figure, staring up at me with eyes no more astonished than mine. He turned and, without a sound, moved even farther into the depths of the forest. I followed without considering where he might lead me—indeed, as if by an uncontrollable power.

Where he stopped and lifted his weird little face to look into mine, it was almost dark, the shade of the immense trees was so great. At his feet there was an opening in the ground. With the one word, "Come," he disappeared; and I followed him unhesitatingly. There were steps leading down into such darkness that I could not catch the most shadowy glimpse of my little guide. On and on until there were no more steps; but we walked on some substance neither soft nor yet firm.

There were no words from the little man, but I knew that my dearest wish was to be fulfilled. I knew that in some way through him a glimpse into the unknown was to be given me, and that now I was in that mysterious land of the "yet to be."

We seemed to pass a threshold, and entered a room where at last there were the faintest glimmerings of light. Here at the tiniest desks sat little men like my guide, only much smaller, writing in books larger

than themselves—some with the most woeful countenances, some gay and joyful. Then I began to find among the number little gnome men, with features like the people I had known up in the “world of to-day,” only the true character of the persons was even more plainly stamped upon their faces here than in the other world.

These strange little creatures were each keeping the records of his double, who lived and acted in reality what these little men were simply writing as it happened there.

I observed one little gnome who could scarcely write for the big tears which followed one another helter-skelter down its cheeks. I knew that what it was writing of the present day must be far from agreeable; and when it looked up, I saw that the brown eyes so bedewed were Ola’s, and I understood.

Thus it is that the past is so closely linked with the future, for we passed from this into a light so faint that at first I could distinguish nothing; but when my eyes became more accustomed to the light, I saw a strange-looking apparatus near me, and, in front of this, a large, white piece of canvas-looking material. Gradually the canvas seemed to melt into the softest light imaginable; then one by one objects became visible, and I was filled with the mysterious feeling of awe, because I knew that I was about to see that which no other living person had seen or ever would see. I could now clearly see a room furnished as an office. At the desk sat Madge, the president of the largest woman’s college in the South. Near her sat Ola, her dean, and Opie, her secretary. As I looked, the office door opened, and a lady with a young girl entered. It was Myrtle, who was bringing her daughter to Madge’s school.

Everything faded; and when I could see distinctly again, there was a prim, sedate lady of middle age—in other words, an “old maid”—before me. She was endeavoring to instruct a small boy, who seemed to be confident he knew quite as much as his instructor. Before I could recognize his teacher, his mother came into the room. There was no doubt here. It was the Lillie I know now, with scarcely a change. The other I saw at last was Kate. The room was furnished elegantly. Lillie was wealthy, and had not forgotten her classmates; for before the picture faded, another entered the room—Lucy—who was Lillie’s companion and social secretary. These disappeared, and there arose before me a large room. Near a window, carefully correcting manuscript, sat Isola. She was completing her fifth book in seven years—the Walter Scott of the twentieth century.

The room gave place to an outdoor scene. Two women, dressed in a very peculiar fashion, holding small instruments of some kind, were seen. Presently I distinguished a large affair in the background, which looked like either a balloon or an air ship; but it was neither. These two were Sallie and Nora, and this was a ship of their own invention, in which they had successfully navigated the ether. They were just then leaving for a trip to Mars.

As the canvas became dark, then slowly gleamed again with its strange power, I turned and fled, because I knew what was about to be shown was my own future, and I dared not remain. CLASS PROPHET.



Poem



In childhood's bright awakening,
In young life's rosy morn,
She neither thought nor questioned
To what would lead this dawn.
Her dreams were of the present.
She had no worlds to win;
She had no mystic fancies
Of the life she must begin.

In girlhood's sunny noontide,
The glory of her youth,
She wondered, thought, and questioned
The path which led to truth.
She dreamed of life's bright future;
She thought of worlds to win;
She trod in youthful fancy
Paths yet untrod by men.

In womanhood's rich sunset,
The climax of her power,
Hushed was wonder, thought, and question.
The bud was now in flower;
No dream of brilliant future.
Her path was almost trod.
She sought for truth, and found it
In duty to man and God.

In age's lengthening twilight,
Life's day is almost spent;
She sits in silent retrospection,
A form white-haired and bent.
No heralds sing her praises,
Crownless her silvered hair;
But the angel choir awaits her
In the bright home over there.

MADGE JACKSON.



Junior Class



OFFICERS

MARY BUCHANAN	President
MABEL RICE	Vice President
ANNIE MAE REEDER	Poet
MARY GEORGE TIERCE	Historian



MEMBERS

MARY BUCHANAN	Riverton
"For beauty lives with kindness."	
JESSYE BRANSCOMB	Union Springs
"She was a phantom of delight When first she gleamed upon my sight."	
MAE CARTER	Athens
"If the world be worth thy winning, Think—O, think—it worth enjoying."	
SARA CARLYLE	Alexander City
"I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me."	
ANNIE DAVIS	Trinity
"Prithee tell me, Dimpled Chin, At what age does love begin?"	
HATTIE ELLIS	Birmingham
"If nobody loves you, be sure it's your own fault."	
ANNIE LEE HORN	Union Springs
"I'll leave this rule for others when I'm dead: Be always sure you're right, then go ahead."	
JESSIE LOVEJOY	Gadsden
"A creature not too good or bright."	

- JESSIE PERSINGER Birmingham
 "She was not of an age, but for all time."
- ANNIE MAE REEDER Smithsonia
 "A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay."
- MABEL RICE Selma
 "As far as the east is from the west,
 So far is she from being the best."
- MARY GEORGE TIERCE Birmingham
 "Was it for this you took such constant care:
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?"



Junior Poem



Juniors, when all the flowers are dead,
And when the dreary winter has gone,
Will be getting knowledge in their head,
So they can a cap and gown put on.

Juniors, when the Seniors are gone,
Still linger in the mind;
Juniors, when all the rest go on,
Will make the Class of '09.

POET.

History '09



"JUNIOR history, Junior history!" has been ringing in my head ever since I was elected historian last week. The rising bell awakes me with its pealing "Junior history;" the scales on the piano seem to be running "J-u-n-i-o-r" instead of "c-d-e-f-g," etc. If I take a walk on the campus, even the birds must haunt me with their twittering "Junior history." So from very reasons I am writing this, and not from any vain hopes of literary fame.

A very original idea in the history line has been used. No one cares to know how we were Freshmen in 1905, and how we were called "rats" by every one, and did all kinds of absurdities, and then were promoted to the distinguished position of Sophomores.

Ask a Junior to translate Horace or Ovid, and she's delighted; ask her to explain infinity in "Trig.," and she's in her glory; but writing histories is not the Junior's forte.

However, after the usual amount of excitement accompanying one's departure for the first time for college, we found ourselves in Athens in 1905, and have been here ever since—playing, studying, laughing, weeping, standing "exams.," and flunking; and now we are Juniors. We dare not anticipate the wearing of the cap and gown, for examinations come with every new moon, and the teachers are so fond of III.'s and IV.'s.

At the first of the year we enjoyed the privilege of going to town unchaperoned, but it wasn't as pleasant as we thought; so now we are chaperoned as of old.

It is our aim to make the Class of 1909 worthy of its Alma Mater, so that on our night—the night of nights, when we receive our diploma—we can ring out the old life and ring in the new.

When Your Idol Turns to Clay



The dreams you have dreamt are shattered,
And hopes are all burned away,
Air castles all go up in smoke,
When your idol turns out to be clay.

The thoughts you've fondly cherished
Of some future, happy day
Leave you feeling sad and lonely
When your idol turns out to be clay.

The face you've often looked for
And dreamt of by night and by day,
Haunts your heart with a dull, sad aching,
Since your idol turned out to be clay.

The kisses that once were yours,
And given so light and gay,
Burn like coals in your memory,
Since your idol turned out to be clay.

Can you turn aside when you meet her
Without a sigh of regret?
And though your dream is now over,
Can you lay it aside and forget?

Ah, no! Though you never will show it,
But will bury it deeply away,
Your heart is now hopelessly broken,
Since your idol turned out to be clay.

WATKINS HAYES.



Sophomore Class



OFFICERS

DOLL ANDERSON	President
MINNIE LEE JENKINS	Vice President
REYDONIA DANIEL	Secretary
KATE EUBANK	Poet
MYRTLE STEVENSON	Historian



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MEMBERS

RUBY WILLIAMS	Boaz
"A rose not born to blush unseen."	
MINNIE LEE JENKINS	Ripley, Tenn.
"Small of stature, but great of mind."	
INEZ BRICE	Oneonto
"But the world shall end when I forget."	
RUBY SARGENT	Goodwater
"Dignity envelops her like a shroud."	
REYDONIA DANIEL	Lanett
"Her voice not more distinct from harmony divine Than the constant creaking of a country sign."	
ALVA SHELL	Birmingham
"I know not."	
BERNICE RODEN	Collinsville
"She was well read—in fact, she was entirely red."	
DOLL ANDERSON	Gadsden
"What was, shall be."	

- EULA JOHNSON Nauvoo
 "A beauteous, lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes,
 Which always seem the same."
- MUSIE WHITFIELD Veto
 "With a voice like the caroling of a bird."
- MARIE COUCH Birmingham
 "Fashioned so slenderly, tall, and so fair."
- GRACE WARNER New Decatur
 "Earth has not anything to show more fair."
- WILLIE KENNEY Athens
 "She can vie with any stuffed bird."
- ANNIE LAURIE LINDSAY Athens
 "It is rash to even hope for some things."
- MAE WOODALL Birmingham
 "Small and mild."
- IRENE MERKEL Birmingham
 "To triumph and to die are mine."
- FLORIDA HERNDON Gordo
 "Hoarsely good-natured was she."
- MAGGIE PARISH Sulligent
 "Try your luck; you can't do better."
- MYRTLE STEVENSON Moulton
 "Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
 But talking is not always to converse."
- KATE EUBANKS Roland
 "Stumpy in figure, but fluent in speech."
- EMMA RANEY Athens
 "All things come to those who wait."
- WILLARD WHITTEN Birmingham
 "She was fair—aye, very fair."

History '10

"YOU must write a history," the editor of The Oracle said to me, "and don't let it take but one page space." It's absurd. No one ever heard of writing a Sophomore history of one page. It might do for a Freshman, but a Sophomore! However, the word of the editor is law (she's a Senior); so I'll proceed.

We have trod the weary path of our forefathers for two years, and I must say it's slow work. When we were Freshmen, it was mere play—no getting up before the first bell to read Latin, no staying in after school to keep "Lab.;" but now it's work, work all the time. Even the Seniors have an easier time than a Sophomore. But I guess we ought not to grumble about what we have to do, for we have been well blessed by Chance. We have the best basket-ball team in school, the greatest number of honor-roll girls, more accomplished girls, and the most desperate "cases" of any one class.

The Sophomore has been accused of being boastful, but stating facts when you are asked to ought not to be called "boasting." Now, honest, ought it? A Senior might talk all day long about Class '08, and we must listen without a word; but if a Sophomore speaks, it is called "vain boasting." But every dog must have his day. Ours will come some time; and when it does, you will see some wonderful changes in Senior living. I do wish we could skip the Junior year. Although the Seniors make us look up to them and consider us as mere children, I cannot help but feel that they have a tender feeling for us, while the Junior—but the Soph. is just allowed one page. Wait until I'm a Senior.

HISTORIAN ('10).

A Sophomore's Thoughts



In my mind Chemistry notes are dancing,
And Geometry figures are prancing, prancing;
But all the time I can't help knowing
That the birds are singing and the spring wind blowing.

With my lessons I keep on a-digging,
But Chemistry's H_2SO_4 with a Δ 3-c is jigging;
And I see the peach blossoms falling, falling,
And the soft south wind is gently calling.

I sit here just a-dreaming, dreaming;
My studying lessons is but a-seeming;
For rather than study I'd be a-Maying,
And rather than work I'd be a-playing.

POET.



ALMA LEETH



ESTHER WADSWORTH



MEMORY ALDRICH



VELMAR PRICE



CARRIE HODGES



IDA DUKE



ETTA MASTIN



KATE BROWN



MITTIE LEE



ANNIE BROWN



NELL STIGALD



CARRIE LOWE



RUTH LANEY



ANANDA ANDERSON



CARRIE DAY

FRESHMAN CLASS



HALLIE MCCARTY

Freshman Class



OFFICERS

RUTH LANEY	President
KATE BROWN	Treasurer
LOUISE CRAWFORD	Historian
HALLIE McCARY	Poet

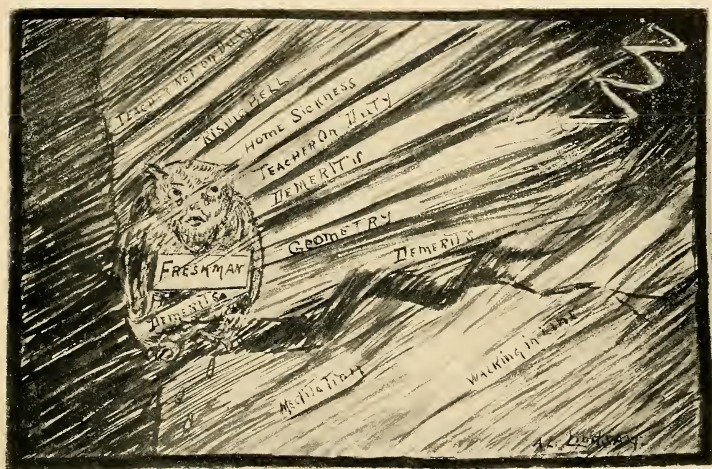


MEMBERS

AMANDA ANDERSON	Athens
"Meek as a lamb was she."	
MARY WILLIE ANDERSON	Athens
"She's only a girl and—very tall."	
MEMORY ALDRIDGE	Gaylesville
"To whom 'silence is golden' is a myth."	
KATIE BROWN	Courtland
"She stands a queen in form and grace; her beauty none may vie."	
ANNIE BROWN	Courtland
"I look forward with pride and joy to the day when I shall wear the cap and gown."	
LOUISE CRAWFORD	Athens
"A wee small creature with beads for eyes."	
IDA DUKE	Birmingham
"Ambition has no rest."	
CARRIE DAY	Lacey Springs
"With her there is no darkness."	
ETHEL FOWLER	Cullman
"The witchery of her charm gleams in dark, bright eyes."	

INEZ HARRIS	Oakland
"Some people are never so pleased as when they can gainsay what they hear."	
CARRIE HODGES	
"Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul."	
RUTH LANEY	Eden
"For many a day she sought in vain; at last she found her affinity."	
ALMA LEETH	Cullman
"Some are wise and some are otherwise."	
MARJORIE M'COY	Athens
"For she was so utterly utter."	
ETTA S. MASTIN	Huntsville
"The biggest horses are not the best travelers."	
RUTH M'ALISTER	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
"Nothing ventured, nothing have."	
HALLIE M'CARY	Huntsville
"Be fit for more than you are now doing."	
ESTHER WADSWORTH	Coleman
"I scarce can count my gains" (cases).	
VELMA PRICE	Bridgeport
"Good order is the foundation of all good things."	
MABEL STEGALL	Huntsville
"Never spend your money before you get it."	
CARRIE LOWE	Hazel Green
"Why so pale and wan?"	





Freshman Class History

OUR college life may have been short, but it has been far from uneventful. We have learned—learned many things. One thing that the high and mighty Sophomore thinks we have learned, and also thinks she has taught us, is to know our true place in the world. We have learned our place in the world, but it was not taught us by the Sophomore. It was shown us by her unendurable ways. We have learned to be glad that we are not like unto the Sophomore Class of this year. Next year we intend showing the world at large that a Sophomore Class can exist without the ultrasuperior ways of this present Sophomore Class.

Class '11

They call us "rats," and so we are,
And we're as green as grass;
But, like unto the Senior wise,
We "cram" "exams." to pass.

We're thankful that we're not a Soph.,
The one who knows it all,
And never at her lessons looks,
But rather pitch a ball.

And, too, we do not want to be
A Junior; for, you see,
A Junior has no time to play,
Like the ones who Freshmen be.

But we all long for a Senior's dub,
And for her cap and gown;
To leave this place, the dear A. C.,
To seek and gain renown.

POET.



Irregulars



MEMBERS

CLAUDE PERDUE	Pensacola, Fla.
"A walking telephone pole is she."	
MITTIE LEE	Glen Allen
"Don't blame her; she can't help it."	
HELEN LOVEJOY	Gadsden
"She is not so fake as her hair."	
LIZZIE NORMAN	Hamburg, Ark.
"The little rock of Arkansas."	
ELIZABETH BAKER	Trinity
"A walking apothecary shop."	
MAUD YIELDING	Birmingham
"She is like unto a lyre."	
ISABEL CHANDLER	Athens
"Her hair is like a red, red rose."	
NELLE CRAWFORD	Athens
"A diminutive grandma in specs."	
DAISY WARTEN	Athens
"To know her is to love her."	
MAUD KINNEBREW	Hamburg, Ark.
"Talking does no work."	
MARY LOU MANKIN	Chattanooga, Tenn.
"Lingering labors come to naught."	
PEARL SAWYER	Albertville
"Thou who stealest fire from the fountains of the past."	

LILLIAN ALLIN Cullman

"I fain would follow love if that could be."

ERMA ELLIOTT Columbiana

"Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view."

REGINA DANIEL Lanett

"Her eyes are stars of twilight;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

ANNIE HUGHEY Prospect, Tenn.

"Then up and seek ere youth is gone,
Whate'er the toil, ne'er mind it."







SUB COLLEGIATES



Commercial Class



OFFICERS

WATKINS HAYES President
 MARY LOU MANKIN : Vice President
 JESSYE BRANSCOMB Treasurer
 MAUD KINNEBREW Secretary

MEMBERS

ELLA HOUGH
 REYDONIA DANIEL
 ADDIE BRITNELL
 LULA MAE SUMMERS
 CLAUDE PERDUE
 SUSIE GRANT

CLASS SPECIALTIES

JESSYE: "Adding five columns."
 ADDIE: "Misty."
 ELLA: "Erasing."
 REYDONIA: "Trying to understand."
 MAUD: "Multiplying fractions."
 CLAUDE: "Forgetting."
 LULA MAE: "Trial balances."
 SUSIE: "Reading shorthand."
 WATKINS: "Holding up benches."
 MARY LOU: "Helping Watkins."
 CAMILLE: "Speed in writing."

Hesitation



HAVING noticed on many occasions that in giving dictation to those who have ambition, aspiration, and a disposition in opposition to inaction, and who desire to make the acquisition of a business education, not only as a matter of remuneration, but to have an occupation, and to be able to follow a vocation for the satisfaction of gaining a reputation, as well as the accumulation, congregation, and concentration of wealth, from a just compensation, much hesitation is caused on account of the sure termination. I have some conception of the vexation; and for the prevention of any interruption, and for my own satisfaction, consolation, and instruction, and their accommodation and information, and without solicitation, I undertake the collection, combination, and classification of such words. While my investigation may prove my incapacitation and may not lead to a successful consummation of the work in contemplation, on account of the enumeration falling short of their anticipation, expectation, or calculation, I feel a growing inclination to extend the accumulation in this composition, by recollection, consultation, conversation, revision, and reflection, until the selection for inspection may not cause disaffection nor meet with disapprobation, but merit some recognition and appreciation of this demonstration of my admiration and consideration of honest appreciation, and, for their gratification and the honor of making this donation, hope to obtain their approval and commendation of the production, and, without any provocation, lead them to a declaration of their intention to become familiar with words in this relation. M. L. M.—J. F. B.



UNDER DIRECTION
OF
PROFESSOR
JEAN BAPTISTE GRASSE

THE Music Department, under the able directorship of Professor Jean Baptiste Grasse, a graduate of the Conservatory of Munich, assisted by his efficient staff, has this year had the largest enrollment in the history of the college. This brings us to the end of the tenth year of Professor Grasse's connection with the college, during which time numerous students have had the benefit of his invaluable instruction. Native German that he is, he naturally possesses not only technic, but that true love for music which is able to create a musical atmosphere wherever it is found.

Mrs. Florence Lord, a graduate of the Cincinnati College of Music, is First Assistant. During her course she was the fortunate winner of the Springer medal, which is one of the highest honors awarded a student.

Miss Lucia Davenport Barelift, a most proficient student and graduate of our own college, returned this year to become one of its valued teachers in this department.

Miss Bennie Weaver Atkins, a graduate of Logan College, Russellville, Ky., and a student of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, has charge of the stringed instrument department.

"Shannon Bells"



DIRECTOR

MISS LUCY IRWIN SHANNON

Instructor in Voice



OFFICERS

HELEN LOVEJOY	President
MARY LOU MANKIN	Secretary
MADGE JACKSON	Treasurer



MEMBERS

MARY WILLIE ANDERSON, Athens
LILLIAN ALLIN, Cullman
KATE BRACKEN, Decatur
REYDONIA DANIEL, Lanett
WATKINS HAYES, Mooresville
CLARA HINE, Athens
MADGE JACKSON, Decatur
CARRIE LOWE, Hazel Green
HELEN LOVEJOY, Gadsden
MARY LOU MANKIN, Chattanooga, Tenn.
ETTA MASTIN, Huntsville
HALLIE M'CARY, Huntsville
ELIZABETH NORMAN, Crossett, Ark.
ALINE PERSINGER, Birmingham
GEORGE ETHEL REID, Prospect, Tenn.
BERNICE RODEN, Collinsville
LOUISE ROBINSON, Decatur
LOIS RICKELS, Attalla
MARY GEORGE TIERCE, Birmingham
MAE WOODALL, Wylam
WILLARD WHITTEN, Birmingham
MUSIE WHITFIELD, Veto
LUCIE WALKER, Birmingham
MAUDE YIELDING, Birmingham

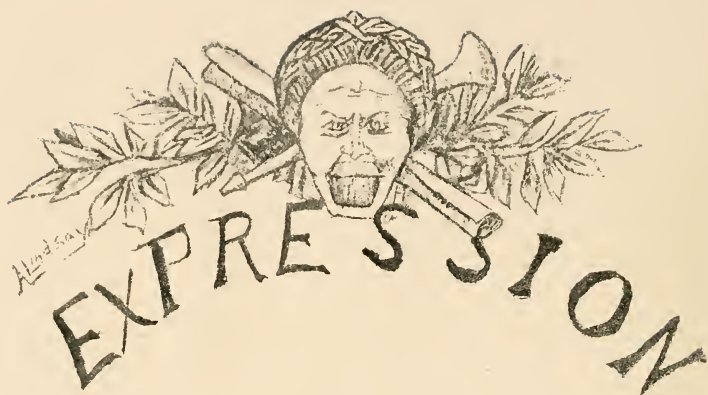
The Glee Club was organized immediately after school opened in September, 1907, under the name of "Shannon Bells," for our worthy and efficient teacher, Miss Lucy I. Shannon.

We are twenty-five in number, and have had a successful year's work.

The operetta, "A Dress Rehearsal," given in February by the Glee Club for the Y. W. C. A., was a perfect success, and quite a neat sum of money was realized.

The work of the Glee Club has been very pleasant and helpful to the entire class in every way.





"MAN can give nothing to his fellow-man but himself." (Schlegel.) "The most fundamental element of expression is the idea of revelation of man's psychic nature through his physical organism. What our fellow-being thinks, feels, or is, is shown us by what we see of the action of his body or what is heard from his voice. We see that expression is not of the body, but through the body. We feel that there is something mystic and hidden, unseen and unheard by our fellow-men and often only vaguely felt by ourselves; but it is made manifest by the motions and actions of the body and the tones and modulations of the voice. We feel conscious of something which is called 'emotion,' and find this emotion tends to cause something outward, which is motion. Thus expression is the 'motion of emotion,' the presentation of a vast complexity of physical actions which are directly caused by psychic activities. The objective phenomena are manifestive of subjective experience." (Dr. Currey.)

The Expression Department holds a strong and popular place in our school. For two years the class has been in charge of Miss Anne Puryear Wright, who is a graduate of the Boston School of Expression.

The dominant idea is to establish method, to train along practical lines, for the harmonious development of mind, voice, and body. The result of this training has been shown in recitals given throughout the year and at the play given at the end of each term.

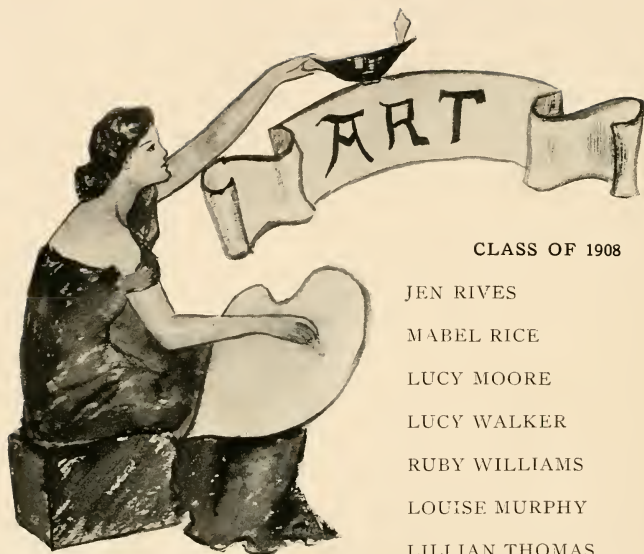
Quite a success was made in Goldsmith's delightful comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Later "The Rivals" was equally as well pre-

sented. Possibly the largest thing attempted was our last commencement play, "The Princess," from Tennyson. This was well staged, and the reading of the beautiful lines showed the deep insight into the true spirit of poetry. The acting showed careful training and good work.

This year Miss Wright will present one graduate—Miss Regina Leal Daniel, of Alabama—in a recital on May 8, 1908.

The term of the year 1908 will close with Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."





CLASS OF 1908

JEN RIVES

MABEL RICE

LUCY MOORE

LUCY WALKER

RUBY WILLIAMS

LOUISE MURPHY

LILLIAN THOMAS

VIRGINIA LORD

LOUISE PEPPER

MAMIE CRUTCHER

SUSIE GLENN

ANNIE HUGHEY

LILLIAN ALLIN

MAY HENDERSON

BLANCHE BINFORD

MINNIE ARNETT

GEORGIA HOWARD

ANNIE LAURIE LINDSAY

LUCILE ANDERSON

MYRTLE HENDERSON

ESTHER WADSWORTH

Miss Katherine Gwin Leiser, of the Chase School of Art, New York, is at the head of this department. The Art Class has had a most successful year's work.

"Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not."

It is a day in mid-January. There has been a constant falling of snowflakes in the still air until everything that man has erected with infinite pains is covered completely with this mantle of quiet whiteness. The morning is still so new that no man has awakened; no sound is made. The world lies before me painted with this perfect purity of whiteness by the master brush.

If we carry within us the beautiful, we see the world before us, an astonishingly new picture. Nature is ever new.

This is the art given us. This, with a new picture for every day in the year, is the art gallery of eternity.

Man must copy from this his art. To one man may be given the power to paint from out this pictured, painted, beautifully colored world one great masterpiece; yet this cannot be a creation, since he has only made an imperfect likeness to that which he sees around him.



Publications



THE ORACLE

STAFF

LUMMIE SINIARD	Editor in Chief
NORA R. MERKEL	Assistant Editor in Chief
MADGE JACKSON	Business Manager
KATE I. BRACKEN	Assistant Business Manager
SALLIE C. MASTIN	Advertisements
MABEL RICE	
BERNICE RODEN 	Art
RUTH LANEY	



The Athenian



STAFF

MADGE JACKSON Editor in Chief

NORA R. MERKEL Associate Editor

KATE BRACKEN }
SALLIE C. MASTIN } Business Managers

MISS LERMAN }
MISS PITTMAN } Review Editors



The Athenian, our college magazine, is published bimonthly. It has always been the aim of the editor in chief to make this magazine of true literary merit. Although this paper always contains articles of literary value, yet it is with eagerness and rapture that the girls pass the Literary Department quickly by and turn to that ever-faithful "Case Directory." Next the jokelets are perused most diligently, and then perchance some fully wearied brain turns and reads those veritable gems of nineteenth-century literature.

The Athenian has been published since the infancy of the college; and although it has been discontinued at times, it has been published for the last three years with great success, and the prospects are that the journal will live and thrive as long as the walls of dear old Athens College stand.



GEORGE ELIOT LITERARY SOCIETY

MADGE JACKSON President
 LUMMIE SINIARD Secretary
 DAISY WARTEN Treasurer



JANE CHILDS LITERARY SOCIETY

SALLIE C. MASTIN President
 WATKINS HAYES Vice President
 MABEL CLAIRE RICE Secretary
 ANNIE LEE HORN Treasurer

Jane Hamilton Childs



President of Athens College, Members of the Alumnæ Association, and Young Ladies of the Jane Hamilton Childs Literary Society:

If I had been asked to write a sketch of my early childhood, I would begin with the sweetest memories of a dear little cottage home in the village of Athens, with its cozy corners and playhouses, its garden gay with old-fashioned flowers—roses, pinks, hollyhocks, althea, and marigold—and redolent of mint, thyme, lavender, and camomile, with a sweet-faced Christian mother presiding over all.

If I wished to tell you of my early girlhood, it would be that of a happy-hearted, hard-working pupil of the Tennessee Conference Female Institute, as this dear old building was then named, with the genial, sweet-spirited Dr. R. H. Rives, President, whom to know was to love; of Rev. B. H. Hubbard, professor of science and mathematics, whom to know was to honor and obey; of Rev. F. G. Ferguson, principal of the Preparatory and Intermediate Departments, with his vocal lessons from the blackboard, where he taught us "do, re, mi, fa, sol, la," Scotland's burning, etc.

Many of the teachers of those six happy years are still held in tender remembrance. The poet Hillhouse has said:

That heart, methinks,
Were of strange mold which kept no cherished print
Of earlier, happier times, when life was fresh,
And love and innocence made holyday.

But I will not linger over these recollections, as I have been asked for a short sketch of some memories of more mature years.

After leaving college and teaching for several years in adjacent towns and counties, the tocsin of war sounded throughout our beloved Southland, and I was admonished to return to my home in Athens.

This building was then in charge of Madam Jane Hamilton Childs, of precious memory. She soon offered me a position in her faculty, as it had been depleted by her teachers returning to their homes. For six

years I was most pleasantly associated with her in her work, and thus learned not only to admire, but to love her.

Madam Childs was a Virginian by birth; received her early education in Georgetown, and completed it in Philadelphia.

In the early forties she was elected to take charge of a female school in Huntsville, Ala. Her school flourished there for a decade, when it was thought best to consolidate it and one taught by Rev. Mr. Everheart.

This arrangement lasted but a short time, Madam Childs feeling, as she expressed it to me, that she could not, with her experience, consent to be second to any one in a school. Hence she resigned her position there and accepted a proposition from the trustees of this institution to become its President; and she opened school here in September, 1858.

Madam Childs found this building in an unfinished and an unfurnished condition, accommodating about ten boarders. While she was neither a Vanderbilt nor a Helen Gould, she spent freely of her own means, and in a few years had it beautifully and attractively furnished and made to accommodate forty boarders.

Through her womanly tact and wonderful influence she protected it from the ravages of the Federal troops, by whom Athens was garrisoned for the most of three years during our Civil War.

Her health failing, she was admonished to retire from active service; and in June, 1869, she resigned her position here and returned to Huntsville, which she still claimed as home, and where, after a few years, she passed away to reap the reward of the faithful.

To write a deserved eulogy upon this grand, good woman would require a readier pen than mine. Physically, she was tall and stately in appearance, with the light of beauty in every patrician feature; a perfect model of grace and elegance; a manner mild, gentle, and winning; a business capacity equal to any emergency; a loyal, energetic church worker, whose piety was her beacon light; a woman suitable in every respect for the position she occupied—that of molding the lives and manners of the young ladies placed under her care.

Madam Childs' aim in life was to send from her school refined, cultivated, useful young women. We often heard this remark: "You will recognize one of Madam's girls wherever you meet her." And it was true, for she left her impress on every one who came under her influence.

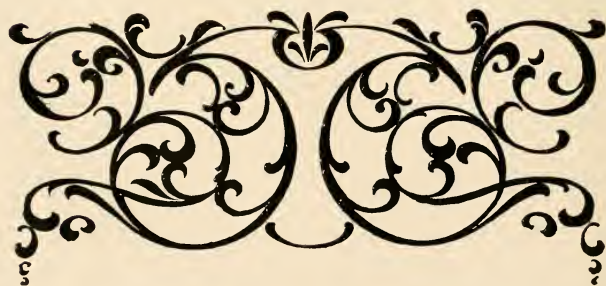
Young ladies of the Jane Hamilton Childs Literary Society, your organization is well named.

To have placed in this historic hall by Miss Mary Norman Moore this portrait of Madam Childs is a beautiful and graceful tribute to the memory of a good woman

Let it be your endeavor to emulate her many good traits, remembering also that the grand works of the world have always been done by the few.

You may never be a distinguished author, you may never be a renowned painter, you may never be a great leader or teacher, you may never be a Madam Childs or a Mary Norman Moore; but let all of us who are of a humbler mold know that there remains much really noble, good, useful work for us to do; and "blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh, shall find so doing."

L. M. HAMMERLY ('48).



Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

LUCY WALKER	President
HELEN LOVEJOY	Vice President
MARY BUCHANAN	Secretary
NORA R. MERKEL	Treasurer

MISS ROBINSON	Chairman Missionary Committee
KATE BRACKEN	Chairman Intercollegiate Committee
NORA R. MERKEL	Chairman Finance Committee
SALLIE C. MASTIN	Chairman Membership Committee
MADGE JACKSON	Chairman Social Committee
JESSIE PERSINGER	Chairman Devotional Committee

Unless one could have known the college before we organized the Young Women's Christian Association and since it was organized, it would be hard to estimate the good that has been brought about both in active work and in its influence among the girls.

It is very encouraging to feel that we are one link in a world-wide chain; that even the little Japanese girl and the African girl are working and praying for the same end—the Christianizing of the world.

Each year as we send delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Convention, they come back with an enthusiasm that only a Y. W. C. A. girl can feel.

Aside from the spiritual benefits derived, there is a social spirit found among the girls which cannot be obtained in any other way. Clubs furnish amusement for a part of the girls, but the Y. W. C. A. is open to all. To make the student's life more pleasant is one of its main objects.

In whatever we undertake, whether of a social, business, or spiritual character, we try to keep the national motto in our mind: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

Alumnae Association

OFFICERS

MRS. J. R. HOFFMAN	President
MRS. ERNEST HINE,	Vice President
MRS. W. P. CHANDLER	Second Vice President
MRS. L. M. GILBERT	Third Vice President
MISS M. HAMMERLY	Secretary
MRS. MARY W. HIGHTOWER	Treasurer
MISS SARA MALONE	Historian

ACTIVE MEMBERS

MRS. B. L. ALLAN	1890
MRS. FRANK PRICE	1897
MISS BLANCHE BINFORD	1906
MISS LUCIA BARCLIFT	1906
MRS. W. P. CHANDLER	1872
MISS ROBBIE CHANDLER	1906
MISS L. M. HAMMERLY	1848
MRS. ERNEST HINE	1881
MISS MILDRED IZZARD	1906
MISS MAGGIE IRVINE	1898
MISS OLLIE KELLEY	1906
MISS FANNIE L. RAWLS	1903
MRS. MARIA W. RIVES	1887
MISS ADDIE RICE	1899
MISS ROWE SANDERS	1883
MISS ROSA SMITH	1906
MISS ELIZABETH STEADHAM	1906
MISS MABEL VAN HOOSER	1906
MRS. L. P. ROGERS	1890
MRS. J. W. CUNNINGHAM	1892
MRS. FLORENCE S. TURRENTINE	1896

MRS. FRANCES T. WHITE	1903
MISS CARRIE SYKES	1894
MRS. J. R. HOFFMAN	—
MRS. W. G. MARTIN	1898
MISS SARA M. MALONE	1883
MISS JOSIE COLE	1897
MRS. EUDORA RUTLAND BLACKWOOD	—
MISS MARY ELLA HOUSTON	1872
MRS. MARY CAINE MASON	1890
MRS. TULA VAUGHAN GILBERT	—
MRS. J. S. ROBERTSON	1890
MRS. J. L. BRITAIN	1872
MRS. LAURA C. HORTON	1896
MRS. MARY W. HIGHTOWER	1889
MRS. MATTIE EVANS YARBROUGH	1887
MISS JESSIE GREEN	1904
MISS VALLIE M. GREEN	1907
MISS MONA PURYEAR	1905
MISS ELIZABETH HINE RICHARDSON	1902
MISS EDITH NORMAN	1907
MISS LOUISE ROBINSON	1907
MRS. R. H. RICHARDSON	—
MRS. T. M. HOBBS	—
MRS. ADA TOWNSEND PHILIPS	1872
MRS. ELIZA C. THACH	—
MISS LIZZIE M'CLELLAN	—
MISS LUCILE MORRIS	1896
MRS. SARA DAVIS GRAY	—
MRS. CARRIE DAVIS HALL	—
MRS. FLORENCE HOY SPEAK	1890
MRS. KATIE GARRETT GAMBLE	1890
MRS. OLA MASON SPICKARD	—



ART STUDENTS ALPHABET



is for Art, which we all adore;
Labor for her is never a bore.



is for Charcoal, our homely old
friend,
For with its help our work we
begin.



is for Each of us, an artistic,
bright band,
Trying to daub all the world if
we can.



is for Grades, that, with trem-
bling and fear,
We meet each month in the
chapel to hear.



is for Ink, which sometimes for
days
Fills our minds with a Gibson
craze.



is for Kicking, which we never
do;
In the studio here we are loyal
and true.



is for Brushes, that get
clogged with paint
Often enough to provoke
a saint.



is for Drawing, such aw-
ful hard work
That most of us try very
often to shirk.



is for Frames, which we
all have to buy
Each year at commence-
ment, the public to try.



is for High-light, the eas-
iest to solve
Of all the dread problems
in which we're involved.



is for Jolly—a jolly class
we,
Who are striving for art
in the old A. C.



is for Light, which from the north must fall
To reach all alike, both little and tall.



is for Millet, an artist so true
That he glorified work for me and for you.



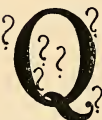
is for Nonsense; this never could be
For the gay Art Class of the old A. C.



is for Ochre, a color often used
In flesh and backgrounds, and often abused.



is for Painting, greatest of arts;
Hard on our clothes, but dear to our hearts.



is for Questions, with which we shower
Our poor instructor from hour to hour.



is for Rembrandt, an artist of old,
Who dealt light and shade in a manner quite bold.



is for Studio, in the college so high,
Where for the ideal we struggle and sigh.



s for Turpentine—O, bring it quick!
For down on her palette has fallen poor Chick.



is for Unrest, which seizes us all
When into the ranks of the artists we fall.



is for Values, we are sure to get wrong,
For which the instructor calls us all down.



is for Water Colors, dainty and sweet;
When working in these, our joy is complete.



is for 'Xcuses; we've plenty on hand
To pass to the "Facs" from all the band.



is for Youth, the time to love Art,
Live for it, work for it with all your heart.



is for Zero, but not for these maids;
For I.'s and II.'s are always our grades.

The Brooklet

(Translated from the German.)



Thou brooklet, silver bright and clear,
Forever on thou flowest.
Upon thy banks I stand and think:
"Whence came thou? Whither goest?"

"I come from laps of darkest rocks;
My course the mosses cover;
Upon my surface pictures of
The gentle heavens hover.

"I have a joyous, childish mood;
It drives, I know not where;
But He who called will be my guide,
And I will trust His care."

ELIZABETH STEDHAM ('06).

(From The Athenian.)



The Athletic Association



THE Athletic Association was organized on October 1, 1907, electing Sallie C. Mastin, President; Kate Bracken, Secretary; and Mabel C. Rice, Treasurer. Several tennis and basket-ball courts had been put in fine shape during the months of vacation. The girls entered into the games with interest and enthusiasm; and even if they couldn't love while they were at college, there was one thing certain—they could play "love games."

Miss Wright, the director, has manifested quite a good deal of interest in the match basket-ball games this season. The different teams have done all in their power to get her on their side, but there is to be no bribing with Miss Wright; she stands "pat," and in so doing has won the love and esteem of all the girls.

The most interesting match game of the season was the one played on Class Day between the "Crescents" and "Stars." A large crowd was out from the city to witness the game. Colors and flags were flying, and the air was full of college yells, which only tended to add enthusiasm to the game, for the girls played as they had never played before. When time was called, the "Stars" carried their colors off the field in triumph, the score being 22 to 13.

For the remainder of the term the tennis courts will probably be the most popular place to be found. Every afternoon all the courts are in use, not only as recreation, but an excuse to get out of walking.

Misses Rice and Reeder, Ellis and Persinger, are the champion tennis players. But there is one thought that brings joy to every heart—that the days of "double quickening" and "heels lift, knees bend, knees stretch, heels sink," are numbered, and the command, "Stand at ease," will be obeyed promptly and diligently.



Tennis Club



OFFICERS

ANN PURYEAR WRIGHT Director
 SALLIE C. MASTIN President
 KATE I. BRACKEN Secretary
 MABEL C. RICE Treasurer



MEMBERS

MARGARET TUTWILER	MYRTLE STEPHENSON	
JESSIE MORRIS	ESTHER WADSWORTH	
GINA DANIEL	CAMILLE SHEPPARD	
HATTIE ELLIS	NELLE JACKSON	
ANNIE LEE HORN	LOUISE STEELE	
INEZ HARRIS	ANNIE HUGHEY	
CARRIE LOWE	LUCY WALKER	
JESSIE PERSINGER	MUSIE WHITFIELD	
CLARA HINE	MARY GEORGE TIERCE	
ANNIE BROWN	PEARL SAWYER	
MARY BUCHANAN	MAUD YIELDING	
SARA CARLISLE	PAULINE WOODALL	
LUCY MOORE	WILLARD WHITTEN	
IRENE MERKEL	EULA JOHNSON	
LUCILE ANDERSON	GEORGE ETHEL REED	
MAUD KINNEBREW	ROE KELLEY	
VELMA PRICE	CARMILITA GARNICA	
LILLIE PEARCE	SUSIE GRANT	
JESSIE LOVEJOY	MYRTLE BARTEE DUKE	
BERTHA TUCKER	ANNIE MAE REEDER	
SUSIE SWOOPE	DUDLEY TUTWILER	
LILLIAN ALLIN	MEMORY ALDRIDGE	
LUMMIE SINIARD	MAE WOODALL	REYDONIA DANIEL
CLAUDE PERDUE	JESSYE BRANSCOMB	ELIZABETH BAKER
ALMA LEETH	KATIE BROWN	LIZZIE NORMAN
KATE EUBANKS	MADGE JACKSON	RUTH LANEY
ISOLA BARCLIFT	HALLIE M'CARY	MABEL STEGALL
NELLE BARCLIFT	ETTA MASTIN	ANNIE DAVIS
ETHEL FOWLER	WATKINS HAYES	OLA MABRY



HATTIE ELLIS

ANNIE MAE READER

MABEL RICE

JESSIE PERSINGER

Autobiography of a Tennis Racket



IT seems a long, long time since I opened my eyes in dear old Athens College; and yet, as man reckons time, it has been only one year. Some strange experiences have happened to me during the time I have been here. I cannot remember my life before I came, but I suppose I must have lived in another world before this. I think man calls it "transmigration." You see, I have learned a great deal from the girls.

One thing I learned was that love rules the universe; and if that be true, I have helped rule, for I have played more love games than any tennis racket in school. Teachers and girls alike played with me. When I was new, they could not play enough; but after a while I was neglected, and many a time I shed bitter tears of pure loneliness.

Sometimes I would have my expectations raised by my owner's saying: "Just wait here till I run put up my name to play tennis." My heart would leap for joy. Now we were to have an exciting game; but—O!—how my heart would sink when she would return only to read Poe's "Black Cat" or some such nonsense. Girls have such bad memories!

My greatest rival in school was Basket Ball. From my place on the wall overlooking the basket-ball court I would watch the girls play; and—O!—I was green with jealousy. Since I have grown older, I know I had no cause; for the Basket Ball was such an ungainly figure—not a graceful curve about her, and so stout and dumpy; and, too, I've heard she never played a game of love the whole year!

But do not think from what I've said that love and frolic is all a tennis racket ever thinks of. Far from it. Any tennis player in school will tell you that we are always ready to serve, for to serve is the greatest delight of our lives.

NORA R. MERKEL ('08).

Poem



Each flower, with its spirit within,
Belongs to me and is my kin;
The outside world is life to me,
And the world outside is fair to see.

The wild wind calls would lead me on,
The soft breezes whisper at night and dawn;
And I—these voices call to me;
Ah, the world outside is fair to see.

The sun comes out to guide the day,
The moonbeams come to dance and play;
Away from all my cares I'd flee,
For the world outside is fair to see.

The leaves are whispering all together,
The birds are here of every feather;
All these things call out to me,
Saying: "The world outside is fair to see."

L. SINIARD ('08).



“_____est Family”



CLAUDE PERDUE.

“Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them.”

ELIZABETH NORMAN.

“The most precious of things are done up in
small packages.”



LILLIE PEARCE.

“And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she
knew.”



BERTA GRIZZARD.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."



MABEL STEGALL.

"All sins can be forgiven, but for awkwardness there is no pardon."



ANNIE MAE REEDER.

"Just the airiest, fairest slip of a thing."



MARY BUCHANAN.

"'Tis only noble to be good."

CHICK RICE.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."



LUMMIE SINIARD.

"Not beauty, but wisdom, crowns her brow."



REGINA DANIEL.

"Her face and brow are lovelier than the
lilies are beneath the light of
moon and star."



Junior Trials



Ten little Juniors with privileges fine.
One loved flirting, then there were nine.

Nine little Juniors still left in state.
One missed her breakfast, then there were eight.

Eight little Juniors—a number again even.
One to the office went, then there were "sieben."

"Sieben" little Juniors for some fun did fix.
One smiled aloud, then there were six.

Six little Juniors now to their luck alive.
One had Sunday headache, then there were five.

Five little Juniors now afraid sore.
One left the light on, then there were four.

Four little Juniors, all full of glee.
One skipped study hall, then there were three.

Three little Juniors, about to feel blue.
One flunking practice, then there were two.

Two little Juniors doting on their fun.
One was caught at midnight feast, then there was one.

One lonely Junior; the race is now run.
Caught out of her room, then there was none.



Imagine, if you can, a bench,
A moon as large (O, it's a cinch!),
And on the bench, blithe as a lark,
Sit two—but do your part.

At first a little shy they be
('Tis strangest in creation),
Until his breath must fan the cheek—
But use your 'magination.

And now they edge together close;
There is no space in middle.
A howl, a scream, a pulling hair—
Ah, now it is no riddle.

Imagining has done its part;
It is as clear as day.
'Tis just two cats—two coal-black cats—
About to have some play.

Miscellaneous



SEVEN WONDERS OF ATHENS COLLEGE

1. "Wat's" kinks—When straight.
2. "Mary Buck"—A demerit.
3. "Patsy"—To breakfast on time.
4. "Chick"—100 in deportment.
5. "Billy"—Studied one night.
6. "Miss Horn"—Missed a rule in Latin.
7. "Miss Pittman"—Took a Senior's demerit off.



ODDS AND ENDS

Miss Pittman: "Who was Ulysses?"

Miss Elliott: "Why, he was a poet of the seventeenth century."

Miss B.: "Miss Daniel, did I give you permission to move?"

Reydonia: "No, but I'm in myself's light."

Miss L.: "Miss Clements, can you tell us by what one act in David's early life that he distinguished himself?"

Opie: "O, do you mean David in the lions' den?"

Kate: "They've sent Harry Thaw to the asylum."

Watkins (whose grandfather is in Tuscaloosa): "O, good! Grandpa will get to see him!"

Miss B.: "What were the Hanging Gardens of Babylon?"

Helen: "That's where they hung their criminals."

Irene: "Inez, how much is that cloth a yard?"

Inez: "I don't know how much it is a yard. I gave twenty-five cents for half a yard."

Deutschman (out of breath): "Wat is die matter your Onkel Sam's mail service? I haf a letter twice, three times mailed, und I get no answer. I—"

Postmaster: "My dear sir, where did you mail your letter, and has it been time enough for an answer? I am sure—"

Der Herr: "I put him in dot big box on die corner vot dey did say vas on all die corners for letters to be put in—right in dot leetle hole, und vat do I see a man dump die whole box in a wagon! It iss outrageous! I vill—"

Postmaster: "Why, my dear sir, that was the trash box!"

There sat the faculty
Round a pleasant little blaze;
As I entered in the door,
They all turned round to gaze.

At first I felt all out of place,
And wished that I was gone;
But I was soon made welcome
By telling all I'd done.

"Where's my shoe?"
"In the top drawer."
"Kate, where's my coat?"
"In the top drawer."
"Where's my collar?"
"In the top drawer."
"Where're my combs?"
"Look in the top drawer."
"Lands, Katie, here's some candy!"
"Where did it come from?"
"Out of the top drawer."



CLUBS





Les Bonnes Amies



Motto

"Aim high if you fall low."

CHIEF AIMS

Lumie—To decide between two.
 Chick—Not to get caught up with for once.
 Madge—To be a flirt.
 Sallie C.—To grow tall.
 Gina—To play Juliet.
 Jessie P.—To furnish a meal to the savage.
 Mary Buck—To fool a man.
 Patsy—To get a complexion.
 Jessie Wade—To be Mrs. Jerry.
 Grandma—Twenty cats, two parrots, and a poodle.
 Nora—To hurt everybody's feelings.
 Irene—To be smart.
 Kate—To know the meaning of love.
 Billy—Ain't got none.



D. K. P.



Motto

"Tell the truth, but don't make a habit of it"

Flower

Jonquil

OFFICERS

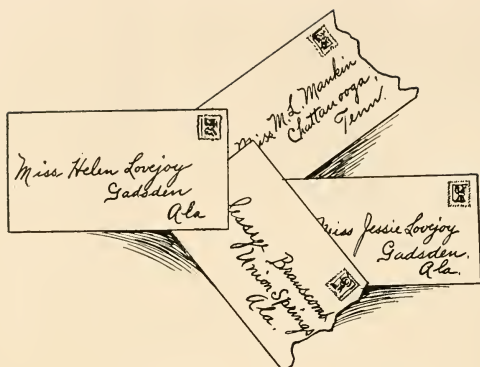
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LEAP YEAR CLUB

Motto

"Catch a man"

Aim

"Get married during 1908"

Horror

"An old maid"

Pastime

"Writing proposals"

Colors

Blue and Pink

Flower

Bachelor Button

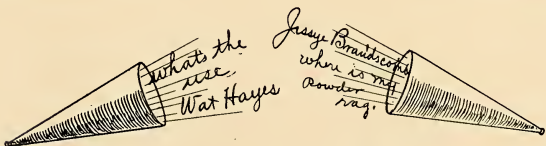
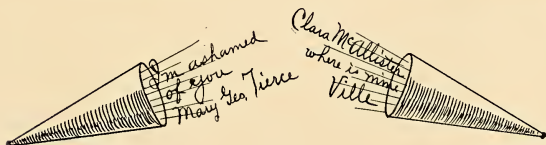
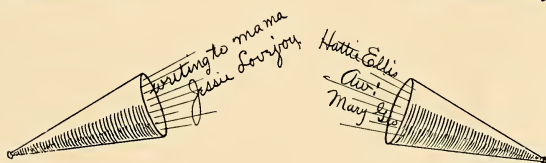
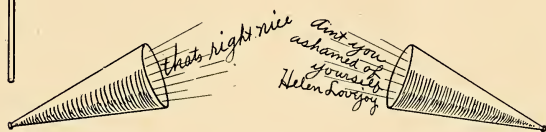
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GRINNING CHESS



Aim: "Make a little
noise"
Hotter
Blowing
Club Disease
"Shame pain"

The Moral Six



Club Colors: Black and White

Flower: Pansy

Our Aim is Nothing

Club Parable

“Lay not up for yourselves chicken in the washstand, where clothes
and dust doth corrupt and cats break through and steal;
but put your chicken in a safer place”

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MARY GEORGE TIERCE Vice President
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HATTIE ELLIS Secretary
ELIZABETH NORMAN Pianist
MAUDE KINNEBREW Poet



CLUB HOBBIES

CHESS: “Turning out the light.”
THE LAMB: “Bleating.”
DR. LANEY: “Having hot spells.”
PATSY: “Giggling.”
KINNE: “Flirting with men.”
LITTLE NORMAN: “Stuffing.”

Big Four



GINA FOOL
BILLY
SKEETA
CHICK



Said Chick to Billy: "If you'll Gina Fool,
We'll make 'em Skeeta and break a rule."



To while away the time:

Gina Fool laughs

Billy butts in

Skeeta bites

Chick pecks



Dreams



There are dreams of love,
 Dreams long and sweet;
There are dreams of power,
 Less often we meet.

The dreams and the dreamers
 Are living life through;
But the dreams that are counting
 Are those made to come true.

We dedicate this little book
To every sacred place and nook.
You see, our task we've not forsook.
We hope with you our work will took.



The End.

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